I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-ſpurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noyſe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-ſpurs ſword,
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged ſtone,
When Hot-ſpurs father old Northumberland
Lies craftie ſicke, the poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe then true wrongs.

exit Rumours.

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?

Porter What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Porter His Lordſhip is walkt forth into the orchard,
Pleaſe it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*

Bard. Here comes the Earle.

Earle. What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of ſome Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horſe,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.

Bard. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Earle Good, and God will.

Bard.

Bard. As good as heart can wiſ
The King is almoſt wounded to th
And in the fortune of my Lord yo
Prince Harry ſlaine outright, and
Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong
And Weſtmerland and Stafford fle
And Harry Monmouthes brawne,
Is priſoner to your ſonne: O ſuch a
So fought, ſo followed, and ſo fairely
Came not till now to dignifie the ti
Since Cæſars fortunes.

Earle How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from S

Bar. I ſpake with one, my lord, th
A gentleman well bred, and of goo
That freely rendred me theſe newe

Earle Here comes my ſeruant T
On tueſday laſt to liſten after newes

Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him
And he is furniſht with no certainti
More then he haply may retale fro

Earle Now Trauers, what good

Trauers My lord, ſir Iohn Vmf
With ioyfull tidings, and being bette
Out rode me, after him came ſpurri
A gentleman almoſt foreſpent with
That ſtopt by me to breathe his blo
He askt the way to Cheſter, and of H
I did demand what newes from Shr
He told me that rebellion had bad l
And that yong Harrie Percies ſpur
With that he gaue his able horſe the
And bending forward, ſtrooke his
Againſt the panting ſides of his poo
Vp to the rowell head, and ſtarting
He ſeem'd in running to deuoure th